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Bellylarge, Ballystrue, called Russel's lands, with an acre, called Cronage, were granted to Gerald, Earl of Kildare.

Leper's Hospital.

This hospital was dedicated to St. Nicholas, and with the hospital of St. Peter at Kilclief, was on the 20th of April, 1413, granted in custody to John Young, John Mullan, and Walter Ceyley, with all their lands, tenements, and appurtenances, being then in the King's hands for certain causes, to hold the same as long as they should continue in his Majesty's possession.

N.B. These antiquities have been selected from the most authentic sources. I am yours, &c.

DUNENSIS.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

TOPOGRAPHY.

BLESS me, what a fine prospect is this! said Miss Emily Mild as she gained the summit of the hill; why I have never heard of this place before, and yet I have seldom seen any more deserving the attention of the traveller. Since we are so much pleased by the sight and description of other countries, why are we so careless of our own?

Such were the words of Miss Emily as she contemplated the scene.

She beheld the Neagh with all his waters stretch afar to the South; not circular like some solitary lake of the mountain, but great as the parent of rivers. His waves were not rolled in tumult, as when the loud blast of winter rages when his waters are spread abroad, and his billows vie with those of Ocean, but the mild decending sun played upon his placid surface, which was calm as the soul of the lovely admirer.

She inquired what were those mountains, which raised their heads far distant as the eye could reach; these, said Mr. Goodwill, are the mountains of Mourne; and that, I believe, is Slieve Donard, loftiest of our northern Hills. You may see, though our situation is not much elevated, part of the counties of Antrim, Down, Monaghan, Tyrone, Armagh, and Derry. You see on the opposite side of the lake the lofty mountains of Derry, which range from north to to south, through the entire length of the county. The dark brown heath covers their sides, and the clouds seem to rest on the top where the soaring eagle has built his nest, and looks down from his inaccessible rock.

The highest is Slieve Galen, famous even yet, for an annual festival held on its top; where each visitor brings a stone which he casts upon a heap or cairn, visible even at this distance. Cultivation appears as if cautiously ascending towards their summits, and where the wild fowl once lodged in the moor, the harvest now yields to the sickle; nearer you may perceive that round hill; it is Knockclochrune, so famous for its fairy castle; where to the certain knowledge of many, the wonderful transformation was wrought on the bodies of Darby Lunchaghan, and Teague O'Lagan, which our countryman Parnell has rendered famous in the well known story of Sir Topaz.

But I would wish, said Miss Emily, to know something of those places that are nearer. Are not these two lakes connected by a river? "They are" and that lower one is called Lough-beg, or the little Lake. The river Bann, which takes its rise in the mountains of Down, flows into Lough-neagh; whence issuing, it again joins Lough-beg, and passing through seeks its course to the sea.

At yon rising town, situated between the two lakes, there has been built at the sole expense of a late lamented nobleman, a bridge, now one of the most useful and ornamental in the kingdom. The emperors of the world are remembered by such works, and conquerors have counted them an addition to their glory; but not a stone—not a stone tells who, or what he was, to whom we owe that magnificent structure. Stones would, however moulder to dust; but believe me O'Neil has left a more lasting memorial; for many are they who will tell, who was the friend of the distressed.

He is gone! but his memory is sweet; and to practise equal virtues will ever entitle to equal praise.

Passing over the bridge you enter into that extensive plain; it is called Creagh, and contains upwards of 2000 acres of fine meadow; the hay ricks, scattered over it, appear almost numberless, whilst they beautifully display the blessings bestowed by the hand of Industry.

The two lakes appear to have been originally one; and that entire flat to have been formed by the waters, as it is composed of regular strata of sand, bog and chalk; which last, in many places, is found uppermost, and is, by a process of bleaching, rendered almost completely white. Were you here in winter, you might see the whole covered with water, except two highways that extend from the bridge; and where now there is a dry firm soil, there the fisherman fills his net by means of which and a little cot (boat) he in part supplies the wants of his family. Where now the cattle browse plentifully, there the white birds of ocean will soon seek their watery prey; and the diver from the frozen isles of the north, tempt abroad the early fowler, who sees the majestic swan raise her lofty neck far distant from the treacherous shore. This spreading of the waters however gives surprising fertility to the soil, which appears as if emerging from their surface in the spring.

It has been thought by some Quixotic adventurers, that if a passage were cut sufficiently wide for the waters, this inconvenience might be avoided, and many advantages gained. But granting that a passage might be formed for all the water that runs into a lake of such extent, by cutting a boggy soil for some miles, and several beds of rock, clay, &c. yet still I believe all its consequences have not been considered. The lake is full of shallows; to take off much of its water, would in summer, ruin the navigation; during which time (even in its present state) it is not practicable to sail a boat of a few tons burthen, so far as the bridge; but this is not all the evil: I, myself, once talked on this subject to Mr. Farmer, a gentleman well acquainted with the nature of these meadows, some of which may be worth six guineas per acre; he stated that this fertility was entirely owing to the overflowing of the water, which, if taken away from the chalky soil, would render it useless even for cultivation, and supposing cultivation practicable, yet it is of three times greater value in its present state. Farther, to show the useful effects of the annual overflowing, he observed, that in such seasons as the water did not attain its usual height, the parts uncovered did not produce the usual quantity; and that on such places as were rarely covered, the produce, at best, was but trifling.

Mr. Goodwill then proceeded to point out and name the villages which appeared on the opposite shore; at such a distance, they were only to be distinguished by the spires of their churches. It yet remains, said he, to consider a little more attentively the beauties of the lakes.

Lough-neagh is chiefly distinguished by the extent of its waters, and the lofty mountains by which it is surrounded.

Lough-beg, you may perceive, is by far the most beautiful, to which its irregular shape, and variety of shore, not a little contributes; here is the wood, there the reedy marsh, the cultivated fields; and yonder the bold and rocky shore forms a barrier against the encroaching flood. Upon its opposite bank you see yon large building. It is a castle, I suppose, said Miss Emily. It was but a few years since, said Mr. Goodwill, when all that land surrounding it, was occupied by the cottages of the humble peasant. Taste and opulence saw the situation, and the arts raised yon majestic pile. Perhaps a more commanding site was never chosen, except another on the northern coast, where the lordly palace looks over the prostrate Atlantic, that hurls its waves almost to its base, which appears guarded by a temple from their impetuous fury. This which you now behold is called Ballyscullion. There the painter gave animation to the canvas, and the statuary almost motion to the marble; magnificence gazed astonished at her own beauties, and said, sure this is a residence for a king. The woods arose as if obedient to the

word of their lord, and plenty smiled around. They are gone; they have sounded beneath the ax, and their place is desolate. The windows of the palace are broken, and the winds howl through the empty hall. The roof is removed, and the tempest is no more excluded. The daw sits on the top, and builds his nest undisturbed.

At a distance, its grandeur appears to remain, but on a nearer approach you behold its mouldering ruins. Yet its foundations are not old. So some lovely daughter of beauty arises with all her kindling charms; she blooms for a while, and every heart is on fire: Death arrests her in the middle of her course, and every eye is in tears.

That wood which indents the southern end of the lake, is called Creagh-bog, and though only composed of low bushes, yet, at a distance, has all the beauties of full grown trees. Nearer to us, on the eastern shore, you see, where imbosomed within that wood stands Raymond cottage. Here the sylvans appear to have delayed, to take a last view of our country before they forsake it for ever. Here, when the sun rages in summer's heat, Contemplation might dwell, where Silence is all around, and the shades of the lofty oak afford a secure retreat from his beams. In vain do the howling blasts of winter attempt to drive him from his loved retreat, for a cottage in all the elegance of rusticity opens its doors to receive the welcome guest.

Here, retiring from the hurry of the world, the patriot, the friend of his country (and of such she has need) may reflect in solitude, on the blessings which the great can bestow, and feel the pleasure of making thousands happy.

This lake, continued Mr. Goodwill, contains a number of islands, the largest of which is the Church-island, so called from the ruins of an ancient church. Of this place there are many remarkable things told; it is well worth seeing, and many years since, was visited by two strangers, very odd fellows; it was said, they were accompanied by an old acquaintance of mine, called Jonathan Simple, who (I was told, when last in this country) was going to write an account of their journey. Jonathan's character was like his name—his account, however, if written, may be worth inquiring after; and as his house lies on our way, and is not far distant, it will be easy to learn the truth of it.————Alas! and is he dead? He is, said Mrs. Simple; here, however, are some of his papers; you should have had them all, but young Jonathan has made the rest into a kite—emblem of the writer's head—It is but short, said Mr. Goodwill, and may be read before supper.

JUVENIS.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

AN ESSAY ON WITCHCRAFT.

"Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be;
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me."

GREAT as the progress of civilization has been during the last century, and much as reason has triumphed over superstition throughout that period, the whole is far from being eradicated, and in nought is it more visible than in the belief concerning witchcraft, and cows losing their milk, or butter, by charms and incantations. This very absurd notion is still pretty common, for many districts yet have a "Moll White," and of course a "Mary Butters," or some person very skilled in charms, to counteract her diabolical designs upon the cattle; which are very seldom believed to fail of their usual quantity of milk, from any cause but witchery, &c. It is truly surprising that any person possessed of rational understanding should believe it possible for milk to be taken from a cow without touching her; more especially to leave the milk and deprive it of butter, for numerous are the stories told of such deeds being done,

"When Tibby kirn'd, and there nae butter came."

The late dreadful catastrophe, in Carnmoney, I thought would have annihilated such superstition, at least in this part of the country, but it seems to have had the contrary effect on those who entertain these strange